



KRS ONE
LIVIN' LIFE

KRS-One Lyrics

"Bling Blung"

Yeah, Word Up

Yeah

Yo

[Chorus:]

Bling blung, bling blung, First you see the bling

then you feel the blung

This is the way that the world is run

Can't you tell

Bling blung rock the bells

[Verse 1:]

Move along, move along, along, this is a newa song

KRS-One the supa strong

Move along before you lose your tongue

Before you lose ya lung

Be sure MCs get done

Detour or move along

We teach the young

How many young men hung so we could sing a song?

You need to move along, along, along

The string of injustice stung those that bling cause now they blung

Materialism stings and now they stung

You need to move along

Life is like ding, dong, ying, yang, bing, bang, ping, pong, or ping, pong

Any lyrical battle we won

Yes, this a master flow, this how life go on

First you got it then your gone

So don't get stung

Cause after the bling it's blung

No material thing stays with you long

[Chorus]

[Verse 2:]

Move along, along, we can't get stung

We the one, my melanin stuns right up in the sun

I go and I come, don't mind me son

I'm just a teacher, them cats should't try me son

I'm that lively one

I roll with them grimey ones

At the Temple (of Hip Hop) you can find me son

What I bring and sing reflects what I brung

I be rolling, aling off the tongue

You can check them other ones

Maybe them younger ones

But I be that I witness just like Connie Chung

Some burn the paper

Some burn the bong
I'm burning rappers, I think you need to move along!

[Chorus x2]

[Verse 3:]

Move along you little singers
Never linger round a rhyme bringer
These rap blingers
I break you off a middle finger
Bell ringa, in your mind a dong dinga
Yo, that's what's wrong with these singas
When they sing all they bring is bling
THEY DUMMIES
But after the bling aling, aling is blung
Post bling is blung
A new ting son
I'm rockin these bells like ding dong
As you can see I got no rings on
Cause it got nothing to with what springs song
So ding dong
Open the door to freedom
Any of my books you should read dum and be strong
Or else you need to move along, along, along
Your lyrics are cow dung
There use to be a TV talent show with a gong
And when the gong gonged you were gone
Yes I am the lyrical Don
Beats for art um
But I am unattached to all of thum
The message of the song is bling blung
Don't get caught up in watcha bought up
Be Strong

[Chorus x2]

KRS-One Lyrics

"The Way We Live"

Welcome to hip-hop culture

We stay hot like Tulsa

Knowledge Reigns Supreme, followed by a number one

These rappers they do run run

Lyrically they flashin' two guns with new funds

But politically they do run run

When it's time to build, they chill, gettin' nuttin' done

But they mouth yes they do run run

I've heard, just about all that I can hear

We talk and talk but this talkin' is goin' nowhere

I've been to the summits and conferences

And the people man, they'll tell you man

Hip-hop is the way we live

If you're down for this nation, hip-hop the nation

Three generations, fourth in the waitin'

Look at what we facin', mainstream penetration

Everyone's a biter now, no innovation

No syncopation, lost communication

Here's what we gotta do to fix the situation

First step know what you creatin'

Hip-hop the culture, the consciousness, a new civilization

I've heard just about all that I can hear

We talk and talk but this talkin' is goin' nowhere

I've been to the summits and conferences

And the people man, they'll tell you man

Hip-hop is the way we live

Everybody, c'mon unite now

Turn on the light now, stop all the fight now

Time to unite now, a new type of life now

No stress no strife, no gun, no knife now

No board no pipe now, we seein' the light now

Bein' the light now, the future is right now

Hip-hop is like wow, ready to fight now

Sick of the hype now, just about right now

I've heard just about all that I can hear

We talk and talk but this talkin' is goin' nowhere

I've been to the summits and conferences

And the people man, they'll tell you man

Hip-hop is the way we live

I hear uhh, hip-hop is callin' me
The fact you must see sir, rap is not all of me
I use that to reach ya, rappers be borin' me
Redo the industry with a two dollar royalty

What's the agenda, to hip-hop and politics
Don't you remember? The violence we stoppin' this
Kris will defend the, hip-hop populist
The solution is simple, raise up yo' consciousness

I've heard just about all that I can hear
We talk and talk but this talkin' is goin' nowhere
I've been to the summits and conferences
And the people, they'll tell you man
Hip-hop is the way we live

Welcome to hip-hop culture
We stay hot like Tulsa
Knowledge Reigns Supreme, followed by a number one
These rappers they do run run

Lyrical they flashin' two guns with new funds
But politically they do run run
When it's time to build, they chill, gettin' nuttin' done
But they mouth yes they do run run

KRS-One Lyrics

"Woke Up"

Y'know

There's a difference between dreamin, and visualizin
Which one are you doin?

Food gone up, gasoline up

Full-time employment passin me up

Bills pilin up, really this sucks

I need a couple bucks, really I'm stuck

Here comes a truck, pullin right up

It says Brinks, now I'm thinkin what's up

But nah, what I'm thinkin about, yo duck

20 30 40 shots at the truck

I'm duckin runnin jumpin lookin for what?

Some cover for this brother, EVERYTHING'S NUTS~!

But yo, I can see some others with gats

Brinks firin, they firin back

Rat, ta-tat-ta-tat-ta-ta, tat

Then I woke up...

Doctor help me out, what's this all about

What's this condition I gotta figure out

Am I really out, that I really doubt

Give me the remedy, what is the amount?

Whatever you tellin me sellin me compellin me

Yo the light in me ain't out

Anyway I enter cats remember

Knowledge I sent ya forever they shout

SOUTH BRONX! SOUTH BRONX!

SOUTH BRONX! SOUTH BRONX!

Then I woke up...

Well I guess I'm out on my own

With this condition it won't be long

Before for sure my little sanity's gone

I'm livin off of nuttin, losin my home

Kids in the street, wife alone

I want to sell this very microphone

But then my friend the light was shown

It came through my inner cellular phone

Get up and get out my spirit will shout

Commitment is what love is really about

No down and no out, just up and about

I think I'm gonna take the spiritual route

Then I woke up...

Then I realized I'm out of my purpose

Out of my purp', not doin my work

I went on a search, inside of myself

For true health, love awareness and wealth
I went to the Temple and opened my mental
I learned that I'm the cause of all that I been through
Your whole environment is really within you
Reach inside your heart and write a new menu
I'ma be the change that I want to see
Now I can see, that I'm really free
Everything is really always somethin else
Tell yourself a different story 'bout self
Do you have the courage to be you
All that talk, that you talk, is it really you?
Oh silly you, oh silly me
Your tongue is killin YOU, not killin me
I'm feelin free, to be, just what I wanna be
Easily, you see, cause I woke up...

When I woke up, my debt went down
My locks broke up, my rent went down
My stocks went up, my car sped up
My pockets swell up, my life I found
I'm not so fed up it's time to get up
A clear mind switched my life around
Now I can see where the help is at
The health love awareness and wealth is at
Cause I woke up...
Cause I woke up! I woke up!
When I woke up, I woke up
That's when I woke up

Play that back

KRS-One Lyrics

"Mr. Percy"

(feat. Triune)

[Chorus: KRS-One & Triune]

Have mercy Mr. Percy
4 million people out of work, right now
Can't find a cent to pay my rent
Half of the youth population out of work, right now
Give me another day
Homelessness risin' upon families
So I can try to find my way
Word up! Homelessness

[KRS-One & Triune:]

And I work
Several resumés on E-Mail
And I work
CD's I'm sellin' my beats
And I work
Part time at the retail
And I work
I'm just about to be in the street
And I work
The car that I'm drivin' around
And I work
Will I ever be on my feet again?

[?]

We tellin' 'em this now

[KRS-One:]

Frankly, I don't see how
You can't see how you really, homeless now
When the emergency hits, who really holds you down?
When the sheriff's at your door, ready to throw you down
With the state of the economy and the way that it is
Many men are at the door with their wife and their kids, saying

[Chorus: KRS-One & Triune]

Have mercy Mr. Percy
4 million people out of work, right now
Can't find a cent to pay my rent
Half of the youth population out of work, right now
Give me another day
Homelessness risin' upon families
So I can try to find my way

And I work
Tried drive taxi cab
And I work

Enrolled in a technical school
And I work
My friends, my family for a loan
And I work
Dollar caps and car pools
And I work
Just another day now
And I work
I'm gettin' paid now

[?]
We tellin' 'em this now

[KRS-One:]
Everywhere across the nation
More people are joining the homeless population
From the south, to the north, to the west, to the east
People can't pay their mortgage or their lease
And last but not least
You better hear what I'm saying
So many men are at the door with their kids saying

Have mercy Mr. Percy
Can't find a cent to pay my rent
[?]
Give me another day
4 million people out of work right now, you gotta do something!
So I can try to find my way
[?]

[KRS-One:]
We're on the brink of revolution
You let it get to hot
So many people tryin' to hang on, and just cannot
They must have forgot
Last night's news spot
Read like a news murder plot
Starring who got shot
And very little upliftin'
Just who got knocked?
Very little givin'
Everybody's heart is locked
And they call this a civilization?
Where I can't even find work, with proper employment qualifications
Hip-Hop is the name of my nation
Where everyday is Saturday and 12 months is vacation
Peace, love, unity, havin' fun
You can tell by now, I'm not the average one

[Triune:]
Get choked for the dope here
Get stabbed for the stash
My X is brash

I rap for grabbin' the cash
They search for the blackless faces
So no need checkin' your [?] or applications
[?]

How the fuck I make thirty grand a year
With dudes holding a masters degree
It makes no sense, so I make no sense

Using my mind
[?]

There's a war going on outside, no man is safe from
I'm Tri-Uno, some call me the great one
Until Bush meet people in my community
I'm hustling for [?] till I get an opportunity

Have mercy Mr. Percy
Can't find a cent to pay my rent
Give me another day
So I can try to find my way

KRS-One Lyrics

"Fucked Up"

YEAH! YEAH!

C'mon...

Let me tell you cats {get what I'm sayin}

[Chorus:]

Snitchin and squealin and the underhand dealin

That's how you get fucked up!!

Robbin and stealin like you ain't got feelings

That's how you get fucked up!!

Gettin head in the bed with another man's wife

That's how you get fucked up!!

You better always think twice how you're livin your life

That's how you get fucked up!!

People walk around just, in a daze and oblivious

To them demons that live in us

Who can you really trust

Is it them demons that got us schemin or is it really us?

People really fuss, and them guns really bust

Brothers dyin over silly stuff

Them streets can get really tough

They ain't playin man, you better {get what I'm sayin}

[Chorus:]

When you can't forgive and all you spit is negative

That's how you get fucked up!!

When you're dissin your elders and cheatin your relatives

That's how you get fucked up!!

Messin with a man's crib, kids or wife

That's how you get fucked up!!

You better think twice how you're livin your life, cause

That's how you get fucked up!!

Yo, I'm a true school cat, just a cool cool cat

Got security tellin these people to move back

I got two new tracks, somethin new from DAT's

Tunnel Rats with Proper and Triune in the back

I don't move with a pack, I move membership

Hip-Hop we livin it and what I'm doin is rap

But cats wanna talk that crap

'Til they see that I'm not playin, you better {get what I'm sayin}

Everyday more betrayin, more lyin, and from friends

More crime and more revenge - HUSH

Things are really rough; cause there's really no one out there

that I doubt that you can really trust

Them guns bust - how many hustlers gotta die

go to jail for a fiend to get a rush?

From ashes to dust, that man of lust

is decayin, you better {get what I'm sayin}

[Chorus:]

Talkin that crap behind another man's back

That's how you get fucked up!!

Spittin gossip and scandal and don't have facts

That's how you get fucked up!!

Bein caught in the hype, flashin off your ice

That's how you get fucked up!!

You better always think twice how you're livin your life cause

That's how you get fucked up!!

I'ma close it out, cause all my foes they doubt

I'm rollin out, they know what I'm all about

I don't roam about, I appear and shout

I wear 'em out, then we clear 'em out

I steer the route to where the end be at

Where the peace, where the love, where my friends be at

Where the jealous ones envy that

And they start betrayin, that's right you better {get what I'm sayin}

[Chorus:]

If you schemin a lot on what another man's got

That's how you get fucked up!!

Dreamin up a plot for another man's spot

That's how you get fucked up!!

If you live by the knife then you die by the knife

That's how you get fucked up!!

You better always think twice how you're livin your life cause

That's how you get fucked up!!

Flashin what you got cause you think it's cool

That's how you get fucked up!!

You better watch yourself cause when you ACT A FOOL

That's how you get fucked up!!

When you act like you better, treatin men like mice

That's how you get fucked up!!

You better always think twice how you're livin your life cause

That's how you get fucked up!! {get what I'm sayin}

..{get what I'm sayin}

KRS-One Lyrics

"I'm On The Mic"

[Intro:]

When you least expect it
(This is just one style)

[Verse 1:]

We back up in this piece like yeast to bread
Underground you gotta find me like an Easter egg
No need to beg, I hit the club hard on the red
While you check for CDs I'm sellin' books instead
I travel the country by car, by foot and leg
What's worse than being behind is being ahead
Prophetic visions of President Jeb
Five storms hit Florida on his head and nobody said
"What's the meaning of this? It's like God is dead"
In the minds of the people hanging onto a thread
You gotta go where your heart is led
I spit truth but some cats, they just got the hardest head
As you can see, I'm artist-led
I take it to the black, to the green, and to the darkest red
I write, recite and of course go off the head-top
Knowledge Reigns Supreme, man - don't forget that

[Chorus:]

KRS and I'm on the mic
(Class is in session, so you can stop guessin')
KRS and I'm on the mic
This is just one style
KRS and I'm on the mic
Knowledge Reigns Supreme Over Nearly Everybody
KRS and I'm on the mic
Listen

[Verse 2:]

Here's the mission, plain and straight
We gotta nurture and develop what we create
Hip-hop is our activity on the planet
Today it's just an album; tomorrow they examine it
In the future, someone's crammin' fast
'Cause they want at least a B in their hip-hop class
I ain't even askin' you how
If our ancestors built nations, why you ain't buildin' one now?
Technology is not civilization
Civilization is not about the tools that you're making
You have an opportunity, at a new stop
Truly living hip-hop is a chance at a new park
You can play a new part: Develop new DVDs, new books, new art
Open new food marts with hip-hop food charts and food carts
Playing 2Pac while you shop (Do it)

What's the sense of being a recording artist
At a recording company for a year or two
If after the third or fourth year they can't even hire you?
In fact there is really nothing there for you
If your life is not a can of goo
Hip-hop is not a product; hip-hop is me and you
What I spit will see you through
I'm freein' you with knowledge of G-O-D in you

[Chorus]

[Verse 3:]
Foot soldiers, let's go - we got this
The freedom to be really you that's what hip-hop is
What can we really do? Reach for the top, kid
Those that seek the bottom they shot stop and lock, kid
We the inevitable, most credible
And most are leaning back with the terrible squad
Here to beat knock hard, this is the real truth
Everything I spit be backed up with real proof
Welcome to the underground
Don't look for me in the mainstream, this is a whole 'nother sound
Sound set we rock music in the streets
In the schools and over the Internet
Feel it yet? You ain't hear me yet
You ain't really ready to get near me yet
Y'all fear and fret

[Chorus]

KRS-One Lyrics

"Life Interlude"

(feat. DJ Wize)

[cut and scratched: "Life"]

[KRS-One:]

With every breath I breathe I choose life for the children
With every breath I breathe I choose a wife and good livin
With every single breath that I ingest I am given
A smidgen to make life-changin decisions, listen
My mission with precision will position our children
by the millions to start buildin our culture for the billions
and trillions of people comin after us
If they doubt, they won't be as fast as us
Cause in our time we kick a new power rhyme
We keep renewin your mind, cause soon you will find
That every single breath that I breathe keeps us conscious
Enough to perceive and achieve if you believe
But oxygen comes from the trees
Without air for four minutes forget it you catchin some Z's
So which is really conscious, us or nature?
Maybe the trees wish to elevate the paper
And maybe this was just the fall
To forget that nature thinks, we doin nothin at all
And this is the way of the world
The world meanin the conscious nature and the earth that swirls
Like buffalo girls we go 'round the outside
Kris is controversial but Kris never lied
In the forest, the mountains and the hills I reside
You gotta follow the purpose you feel inside

[cut and scratched: "Life"]

[KRS-One:]

With every single breath I choose
With every single breath I move
With every single breath I prove
With every single breath I use
With every single breath I snooze
With every single breath I cruise
With every single breath I choose life
Not strife
Or strain, some like that I came, to rearrange the game
Others blame and remain the same
Same same, but me the plan is plain
We gotta think more humane...

KRS-One Lyrics

"Organ Break"

And away we go
With a crazy flow, oh!
All the ladies know
And they babies know, we pro
Deep in your mind
While I'm repeatin this rhyme, we glow
I'm teachin this time
That off-beat I speak of a rhyme, flow
They just too slow
If you keepin in time, let's go
That b-boy thang
How long you think we gonna hang, I don't know
My style is complex
I got next, indeed we close the show
Still kickin the truth
To the young black youth, we gotta grow
My message is broader
Hip-Hop's the true world order, see it!
Every son, every daughter
If you think you oughta hip-hop, be it
You can sit on the sideline
Or your mind you can free it!
I can rock for a long time
With more rhymes, cause hip-hop WE IT
Who's it, we don't use it
Or do it as music when we spit
That murder, that crime
Never furthered your mind but you, repeat it
Whatever rhyme goes against
your inner purpose you must delete it
As you can see it
I'm the average MC and hip-hop we teach it
All over the world
This goes out to all b-boys and girls
WORLDWIDE! {hooo, hooo, hooo...}

KRS-One Lyrics

"I Am There"

[knocking]

Come in *[door opens]* sit down

Yeah...

I have a magical mind, a magical body

Ancient metaphysician, you better AX somebody

With one handshake, I can tell if your plan's fake

I am to hip-hop, what flour is to pancakes

I write rhymes 'til my hand aches

In the mountains of Colorado, takin in the landscape

When I'm in the city I can't wait to live again

In the underground hot springs of the Hopi Indians

So you look around your heart and your mind

You will find, I am there

If you're cold and you're broke and there's fog in your scope

Have hope, I am there

Get in tune with me, move with me, boom with me, room with me

Zoom with me, I am there

I can see where you're at, feelin trapped, can't move can't act

I was there

And it's quite clear

My hardware was set ahead of most folks by ten years

The hand of God set it, so on Earth I speak prophetic

Publishin papers with no edit

I speak but most don't get it, but the few that do get it

In their minds my words stay embedded

And they blessed if they don't forget it

They'll never need a psychiatrist, a psychic or a medic

Where we headed? To the ultimate state of freedom

That's where I'll lead 'em, if you let it I'll free 'em

Let's set it, for human beings in recreation

Havin fun recreatin themselves into a nation

Hip-Hop! It's home could never be a station

Sharin a space with R&B, stop fakin

Do you know how much money they makin offa you and I

Just because hip-hop won't unify?

So look inside your heart or your mind you will find

Everytime, I am there

If you're cold and you're broke and there's fog in your scope

Have hope! I am there

Get in tune with me, move with me, boom with me, room with me

Zoom with me, I am there

I can see where you're at, feelin trapped, can't move can't act

I was there

KRS-One Lyrics

"Still Slippin"

They slippin Duke

You slippin Duke, you trippin Duke
Rememeber you still livin in a corporate chicken coop
With a hundred other chickens yellin get that loot
Makin a hundred other chickens tryin to spit what's cute
But KRS spits the fruit
My words are not hollow, I'll lead you out the chicken suit
You slippin Duke, I got proof, spit truth in the club
So the colleges man, we get so loose
What's the use, you slippin Duke, how America great
when Iraq, had no nukes, now OOPS
Whatever happened to samples and loops?
The same thing that happened to organs and flutes, and real artists
Thank God for The Roots, the soldier that's home with his family
Support for the troops yeah, now let's start this
I've taught many groups, been through many suits
Teachin new recruits that can't take it back to hula hoops
I know we're on mute, stand up straight
I'm like Skywalker without the loot, you slippin Duke

[scratch:] "At 8 you're a sucker, at 7 a motherfucker"

YEAHH!

Talk your talk, degrade my character
Your remarks are amateur, the future laughs at ya
I got much stamina, and I know my facts
I am hip-hop, I don't speak for blacks
I speak for hip-hop's preservation, and only that
Peace love unity, I'm known for that
What's your hassle with me man, no man is ownin me
You just mad cause I lead hip-hop globally
Your hassle is that, I'm an international cat
You know in any debate, I'm smashin your crap
When it comes to hip-hop, you behind
Cause I've been organizin this politically since 1989
I stay selective, the objective peace of mind
I am hip-hop and so are you don't be so blind
Use the key next time, you know my roots
But listen dog you slippin Duke!

[scratch:] "You wanna hear a fresh rhyme, you'll come to the source"

[scratch:] "Stamp BDP on your head then you're off"

[scratch:] "At 8 you're a sucker, at 7 a motherfucker"

[scratch:] "Do not attempt to diss cause you're soft"

KRS-One Lyrics

"My Life"

[scratched:] "Whatty a think makes up a K-R-S?"

[KRS-One:]

Skinny cat, young cat, with a knapsack strapped to my back
1981 before the crack attack
I used to let the Olde English 800 suds bubble
In the last car of the Franklin Avenue shuttle
Brooklyn, no doubt, Wingate Park, no doubt
Prospect Park I'm all laid out
Homeless, my gear played out and I know this
But I'm an MC I stay focused
I took the shuttle to the D and wrote my rhymes in a hour
Took the D to the E, last stop the Twin Towers
Sittin in the belly of the beast
In the World Trade organization, bein harassed by the police
I wrote my rhymes right there on the spot
New York City, 1984 corruption was hot
Cats sellin uzis out the Jacob Javits Center for a high price
Let me tell you 'bout my life

[Chorus:]

[scratched:] "The type of shit a young black man
gotta go through every day of his life"
[scratched:] "Hard times to live in
Wake up in the morning thank God"
[scratched:] "The type of shit a young black man
gotta go through every day of his life"
[scratched:] "Hard times to live in
Wake up in the morning" ... "Now it's my turn"
{"Listen"}

[KRS-One:]

Eighty-five comes in, eighty-six comes in
The marijuana with the cocaine mix comes in
High class hustlers, I'm takin flicks with them
My first songs Red Alert, he's mixin them
This a far cry from a kid sleepin on the bench
Now I'm V.I.P. in the club, this don't make sense
But it does, as I take daps and hugs
from cats that move drugs, they say "Kris rise above"
Everybody knew my style, Kris was no coward
I wanted to get in the game but my peeps wouldn't allow it
They'd say, "Read them books and write them hooks
Save our children, give 'em a whole new outlook"
So I did, I lived like any street kid
But I was handed 20 books, others were handed 20 year bids
Still they wouldn't sell to your mother or your wife
There was respect man~! Let me tell you 'bout my life

[Chorus]

[KRS-One:]

1987 my career blowin up now
Me and Scott LaRock took the year growin up now
Me I'm just a private cat, whatever you perceive as live
KRS is as live as that
We the livet act, in eighty-eight, eighty-nine, and ninety-now
But them years be far behind me now
In ninety-one, no one can find me now
I chose the underground to rhyme where it's grimy, WOW
Rewind me now, 13 albums for you to see
Or catch me speakin at them universities
My mind stays keen, I'm hardly ever seen
I do a lot of work, just not in the mainstream

[scratched:] "Know what you need to learn
Old school artists don't always burn"

[scratched:] "Know what you need to learn...
KRS-One... don't always burn"